Enter Queene, Lord Riuers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no dout his maiestie,
Will soone recouer his accoustomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloceſter,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the king miscarrie. *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby*.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue bene.
Qu. The Counteſſe Richmond good my Lo. of Darby
To your good praiers will scarcely say, *Amen*:
Yet Darby, notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assured
I hate not you for hir proud arrogancie.
Dar. I beseech you either not beleeue
The enuious slaunders of hir accusers,
Or if she be accusde in true report.
Beare with her weakneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From way ward sickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the king to day my Lord of Darbie?
Dar. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and *I*,
Came from visiting his maiestie.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madame we did: He desires make attonement:
Betwixt the Duke of *Gloceſter* and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And sent to warne them to his royall preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happineſſe is at the heigheſt. *Enter Gloceſter.*
Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who are they that complaines vnto the king?
That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with such diſſentious rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apish courteſie,
I must be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abusde,
By silken slie insinuating Iackes?
Ri. To whom in all this preſence speakes your grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast not honeſtie nor grace.
When haue I iniurd thee, whē done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whom *God* preſerue better then you wold wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you mistake the mat-
The king of his owne royall diſpoſition, (ter:
And not prouokt by any suter elſe,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kinred, brother, and my selfe:
Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad.
That Wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euerie Iacke became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God grant we neuer may, haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue need of you,

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